

BOWSER THE MARTYR

Has Sewing Bee, In Which He Does Much Needed Repairing.

REJECTS THE HELP OF WIFE.

Revels in Buttons and Patches While Looking Upon Himself as a Greatly Abused Man—Leaves His Home For the Street to Drown His Sorrows.

[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.] Mrs. Bowser needed but one look in to Mr. Bowser's face as he reached home the other evening to show that something was out of gear with him. His shoulders humped up, his under lip stuck out, and he had the sulkiness of a boy going to a licking. In reply to her statement that he was fifteen minutes late he took from his pocket a ball of red twine and three darning needles and muttered that he had to stop at a store and buy them.

"But what on earth are they for?" she asked.

"You will see after dinner."

"Weren't things right at the office to-day?"

He granted in reply.

"Have you got a cold or one of your headaches?"

"Never mind me. I am of no account in this world."

"But if you had a chill or anything of that sort I want to know it and send for the doctor."

"Never mind if I have a dozen chills and will be in my grave ere a week has passed. As long as one is not appreciated in this world he'd better be dead."

Felt That He Was a Martyr.

Mrs. Bowser realized that the time had come around for Mr. Bowser to feel that he was a martyr. All his



hands get that feeling two or three times a year. No one exactly knows what brings it on, but it is sure to come, and no dandelion tonic will ward it off. She wanted to laugh and gossip, and she did to some extent, but she ate his dinner in solemn silence. Even when she told him that a tramp had entered the yard and was smoldering the terra cotta stone dog and bearing it off on his shoulder when she caught him Mr. Bowser maintained his sad and solemn expression. When dinner was over and they went upstairs he made a great show of the twine and the needles and presently threaded the latter and sat down and pulled off his shoe and sock. The latter had a hole about as big as a dime in the heel. The hole had not worn there, but had been made as the sock was pulled on.

"If you want that sock darned hand it to me," said Mrs. Bowser as she reached for it. "How you could get a hole like that in a new sock puzzles me. I paid 50 cents a pair for them."

"I won't trouble you," was the reply. "I was told years ago that the time would come when I'd have to darn my own socks, and now it is here."

"But you aren't going to darn them with red string, are you?"

"Anything is good enough for me. I can go around all day in perfect agony and what is it to you? Yes, I am going to darn them with this red twine, and if I fall dead tomorrow and am taken to the morgue the keeper will see what a wife I had and how I must have suffered."

He thereupon began darning the same as if mending a fishnet, and after ten minutes' work he had a vulgus that would have rubbed the heel off an ox. He held the sock up to view and turned it around and viewed it from all sides and then, with a sigh, laid it aside and produced a loose joint button from his pocket. One of his suspender buttons had snapped off, and he was going to replace it.

"Just let that alone till you go to bed, and I will sew it on in a jiffy," said Mrs. Bowser. "You didn't say anything about a loose button this morning or it would have been fixed then."

"When one has talked and talked for twenty years, what's the use of talking any more? The button has been loose for months and months, and I have been waiting to see if you would notice it. Today as I bent over in the street car to pick up a cent dropped by a lady off the button. Two working girls tittered about it, and I heard one of them say that the old man was coming all to pieces. I tell you this, but of course you can't understand my humiliation. It is a sad, sad house, but I must put up with things until Providence sees fit to remove me."

Sewed on the Button.

Mrs. Bowser had to get up and go down the hall to do her laughing, and

meanwhile he was busy with the button. After the darning needle had drawn the twine through the eyes once all the room was taken up, but he cut off the twine and called it a job. He then pulled off the other shoe and looked at the other sock. There was no hole in it, but he made one and sighed heavily as another vulgus made its appearance. When he had dressed his feet again he went off upstairs and brought down his nightshirt and a button that had come loose from his winter overcoat.

"What's wrong with that shirt?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Button off, of course," was the reply. "It's been off for the past four weeks, and that is what brought this case of bronchitis on me. I haven't said anything because it's no use."

"Look here now, but when that shirt came home from the laundry three days ago the buttons were all there and all tight. I looked them over, as I always do. When you took the shirt off you gave it a pull and sent the button flying. It must have been the one I found on the floor yesterday."

Mr. Bowser sighed and drew his hand across his eyes as he placed the big horn button opposite the small buttonhole and prepared to sew it on.

"For the land's sake, but don't do that!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser. "Can't you see that the button is forty times too large?"

"I am only too thankful to get any kind of button," was the reply, accompanied by several sad and solemn shakes of the head.

Button Was Too Big.

"That's all nonsense! Hand that shirt over to me. You have three or four more and don't need to put this on at all."

But Mr. Bowser stuck to his tailor job and sewed on the button. He knew that it would never go into the buttonhole, but he would have it there for an ornament anyway. The effect of the red twine on the white background was picturesque, to say the least. When the work was finished he departed upstairs again. This time he rummaged around for a quarter of an hour before he descended, but he had put in his time to good advantage. He had found an old pair of trousers and had cut a patch out of an old vest.

"Well, what is it now?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"These trousers have needed patching for the last five years, but you haven't had time to do it. I shall now do it myself."

"But they are an old pair that you keep to work around in."

"The principle of the thing is just the same."

"There's no principle about it. If you use a blue patch on a green ground all the boys in the neighborhood will be gazing you the first time you step outdoors."

"Then the boys will be informed that I have to do my own sewing or there wouldn't be any done. Don't bother, Mrs. Bowser. Just keep your nose in that novel and never mind me. Blue patches on green grounds are good enough for your husband. He hasn't long to live anyhow, and what's the odds whether the patches are blue or black or green?"

Wiped a Tear Away.

Mr. Bowser sniffed and sniffed and wiped a tear away, and as he began to fit a patch eight inches square to a hole not over two inches in diameter and sew it fast with the red twine Mrs. Bowser could control her feelings no longer. She burst out laughing, and she was three or four minutes before she could control herself. Then Mr. Bowser was looking at her with a cold glare. He kept it up for two long minutes and then laid the half patched trousers aside and said:

"I am not only neglected, but insulted in my own house, and human nature can stand no more."

"But I had to laugh. I think that patch is the funniest thing I ever saw. Why, even the cat!"

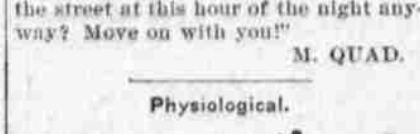
"Mrs. Bowser, I am going out. I am a homeless man, and where I shall go heaven only knows. Perhaps when I am brought home dead and you gaze into my white face you will cease your merriment and realize that you are responsible for the death of a good man. Good night, Mrs. Bowser—woman, good night!"

She tried to stay him, but in vain. He left the house for the street with tears in his eyes and wandered up one street and down another, and the south winds sighed and moaned, and the crickets called to each other that all was lost, and the policeman on his lonely beat stopped him to say:

"Look here, old man, I've got my eyes on you, and if you try any monkey work in this neighborhood I'll make your heels break your neck. What's an old coon like you doing on the street at this hour of the night anyway? Move on with you!"

M. QUAD.

Physiological.



First Boatman to Second Ditto—Es got more brains in 'is head than you and me 'as got in the rest of our bodies.—Tutler.

West Point Cadets



Guard Mount of Future Generals of the United States Army.

BILLIONS FOR GOSPEL

SENT SHERMAN TO THE SEA.

Glengarry, Mich.—'Twas not a message to Garcia, but a message fraught with greater import that Charles May of this village carried, while serving during the civil war. It was the message from Grant to Sherman ordering him to start on the march from Atlanta to the sea.

The name of Mr. May does not appear in the historical account of the sending of that message, but he possesses a Barnes school history of the war, in which is a picture to which he proudly points. It is a picture of Gen. Grant sitting upon a log and writing the memorable message. By his side stands a young orderly holding his horse and waiting for the message.

"That's me," says Mr. May as he points to the picture.

Mr. May was born in Waverly, N. Y., in 1843. He lived in Pennsylvania from 1853 until the breaking out of the war, then he enlisted in the First Pennsylvania cavalry for three years, and at the end of his term of service he reenlisted for three years. It was after his reenlistment that he was detailed as an orderly to Grant and carried the famous message.

Mr. May's regiment and another regiment were so badly cut up by the hard fighting through which they went that the remnants of the two were consolidated and called the First Pennsylvania provisional, and it was from this regiment that he received his honorable discharge.

Mr. May came to Michigan in 1866. He served on the police force at Muskegon for three years. He was deputy sheriff at Newaygo for two years. For a year he was marshal of Manton. In the village of Sherman he was marshal two years, and he is still in the ring. He is now engaged in the saloon business in this village.

HE'S AN UNUSUAL MAN.

Never Drank, Smoked, Chewed, or Belonged to Any Church.

Coldwater, Mich.—At the sailors and soldiers' reunion here recently was William Hurley, 66 years of age, whose home is 19 miles north of Denver.

Hurley has never tasted beer, whiskey, wine, or any other intoxicating liquors. He has never used tobacco in any form, nor does he swear, and says he does not belong to any church.

Mr. Hurley has never tasted bananas nor pineapples, and says he doesn't care for those things. He knows nothing of the flavor, and probably never will.

He has never missed a G. A. R. encampment or national encampment since he was mustered out. Mr. Hurley and his two brothers enlisted in the Third Michigan cavalry and all received honorable discharges. Mr. Hurley has been married 40 years.

STOPS FLYER FOR MONKEY.

Organ Grinder Flags Fast Train So Tired Animal May Ride.

Oakland, Me.—While the Boston and Bar Harbor express, the "Flying Yankee," was hitting a 60 miles an hour clip between this station and Bgrade, the fireman, looking out of the cab window, saw a man on the track a short distance ahead frantically waving a red handanna.

Supposing that the track was torn up or a bridge down, the throttle went up like a flash and the emergency brakes went on, while the big train of ten coaches brought up with a jerk that threw many of the passengers out of their seats. Then the supposed life saver who had flagged the train picked up a hand organ and monkey from beside the track and calmly climbed into the smoking car, remarking: "Monkey tired; want to ride. Much obliged, Meester."

Tells Printers to Be Polite.

Washington.—It is "Mr." this and "Miss" that at the government printing office these days. No more John or Tom or Maggie. By formal order issued by the public printer the employees are prohibited from being familiar with each other, no matter how well they are acquainted. No explanation is given for the reform.

Doctor Sets Canary's Leg.

Des Moines, Ia.—A prominent physician set a canary's broken leg here. He received a hurry call to an accident case at Irvin Crawford's, 677 Fourteenth street. He snatched his surgical case, caught a car, and found the family gathered about a valuable pet canary. He set the tiny leg and left the bird comfortably resting in a nest of cotton wool. The operation was a delicate one, but the doctor has every reason to think it will be successful.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Advice and Suggestions Contributed by Madame Merri.

Kindly explain, dear Madame Merri, the most generally accepted form of writing a polite note on a sheet of ordinary note paper.

A NEW READER.

Begin with "My Dear Mrs. Blank;" continue on the first page, skip to the third page; write crossways on the second and on the fourth. At the bottom of the last sheet put the town, month and date. This is the usual form, although there is no set rule, each individual having some peculiar method of writing on the pages, but the above form is correct.

For a Girls' Club.

What interesting games can you suggest for a club of 12 girls? Also what kind of refreshments to serve? AVIS.

Ask each guest to come wearing some article indicative of her particular fad or hobby, or something to show what she would like to be. A party of this kind is a success. For instance, at such an affair I was told of one girl who carried a toy piano, another an artist's palette and brushes; one wore a small tree and it took some time to discover that "genealogy" and heraldry were especial delights. Award a couple of prizes to give zest to the occasion. Serve grape juice, sherbet and small fancy cakes, nuts and bonbons.

A Wedding Breakfast.

Will Madame Merri kindly give me a correct menu for a wedding breakfast to be served the last week in September, nothing elaborate, please. BARBARA.

This month canteleupe are in their prime, so have them for the first course with natural leaf dollies on the plates. Then either creamed sweetbread patties or chicken croquettes with potatoes, tiny hot rolls, green peas in paper cases, cucumber and tomato salad in nests of white head lettuce hearts, fancy cream either in individual forms or fancy holders, wedding cake, coffee, cordial and the usual accessories of nits, olives and bonbons. This menu may be elaborated by having birds on toast and another entree.

For a Noon Wedding.

Will you kindly tell me at your earliest convenience how a wedding invitation should be worded, as to the time, when the hour is set for high noon? B. T.

The words "twelve, noon," are used, otherwise it is exactly like any other wedding invitation.

For a Bride.

A friend of mine is to be married some time during September, and I would like to give her a shower, also a party for her to meet some of the young people of the city. Sixteen for the first and about 20 for later. Will you kindly give me form of a shower? And suggest something simple and easily made for refreshments? GWENDOLIN.

I should think the "Towel Shower" described to-day would be nice and then for the party, why not have an informal musicale? At the afternoon shower, I should serve simply tea, sandwiches and little cakes and at the evening party pineapple sherbert and sunshine cake.

For a Woman's Club.

Our woman's club asks your assistance. We as a club do not belong to the Federation. Programmes for the year are arranged by a committee. Will you suggest some book or periodical that will be of assistance in making the program? ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

I cannot give names of publishers or the information you want in this department, but if you will write me personally, I will be glad to give you the name of a young woman who makes out very delightful programmes. Her charges are according to the number of meetings to be arranged for, and the time it takes to get up the subjects with reference books. MADAME MERRI.

Good Redingote Model.

An exceedingly odd and picturesque redingote model finished for a Newport belle is in natural colored pongee of coarse weave. The noticeable feature of this garment is the unusual back, which hangs loose from the shoulders and falls in at the waist line, where it is held by a huge butterfly bow made of black silk. The long ends fall well below the hips. Bands of silk ending in butterfly bows at the left side decorate the box plaited skirt. With this striking costume mademoiselle wears a big muslin Panama hat trimmed with a black silk bow, whose loops are wired on both edges.

Apres of hats, cloche shapes of shirred net in delicate tints trimmed with marabout or huge bows of lace are one of the last season fancies at the seashore.

Uses for Chiffons.

For evening and dancing frocks fancy bordered chiffons are charming. A very fetching one shown was of creamy chiffon, with quite large woven satin dots and a deep border of great pink and yellow roses in pale shades. It was worn over a shell pink supple taffeta slip velled by the same shade of chiffon.

TOMATOES TOMATOES TOMATOES

Get ready to can them next week don't wait. We have nice elderberries for canning, sweet heart melons 20c and 25c, new honey in comb 22c per pound. Stop in and look over our line of good things to eat. We have plenty of good country butter on Saturday.

VANATTA BROS.

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RUGS, CURTAINS, DRAPERIES, ETC.

that is sure to interest you. Everything is Fresh and Clean and up-to-date, and it will be a pleasure to show you through.

We have just received some new things in

PICTURES

too, that will interest you. This is a good place to spend a few idle moments when you are up town.

THE OHLS DECORATING COMPANY

Due to Vanity.

What women will do and endure in the quest of beautiful looks was exemplified by some instances given by a lady doctor.

A very wealthy woman recently took on a trip abroad with her staff of beauty experts besides her maids. They traveled with her everywhere, staying at the best hotels and receiving large salaries for about an hour's work each per day. This lady, who is considerably past middle age, thus managed to keep up an appearance of youth, the artificiality of which, however, deceived no one but herself.

Other beauty maniacs, as they are called, are so made up with dyes and facial coloring matter that they have to avoid the open air. The treatment begins at noon, the face being steamed and massaged, the hands, arms, and neck whitened with artificial preparations, the hair manipulated and the figure scientifically laced. Drugs are used to make the eyes bright. And all this is gone through for the sake of shining at some social function.—Cassell's Journal.

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